



SUPERMAN'S

30c
NO. 469
MAR.
30410



DOGGONE
IF YOU AIN'T THE
MOST RAMBUNCTIOUS
BRONC I EVER RODE,
SUPERMAN!

BUT I
AIM TO
BREAK
YOU!

WA-HOO!



Presenting--
ANOTHER THRILL-PACKED
EPISODE IN THE AMAZING
ADVENTURES OF--

SUPERMAN

Created by
TERRY SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER

YEP... I RECKON YUH
REALLY WHIPPED ME
THIS TIME, SUPERMAN!

I'M STRIPPED OF ALL
MUH WEAPONS... TOO DIZZY
EVEN TO THINK STRAIGHT...

...ON MY WAY TO
THE CALABOOSE!

LOOK-- UP IN THE SKY!
IT'S SUPERMAN--
BRINGING IN THE
BUCKAROO BANDIT
FROM OUTER SPACE--
TERRA-MAN!

BUT LOOK AGAIN-- THINGS
ARE NOT ALWAYS AS THEY
SEEM--FOR WHAT YOU'RE
SEEING WILL TURN OUT TO BE--

"THE
NIGHT
SUPERMAN WAS
BURIED IN BOOT HILL!"

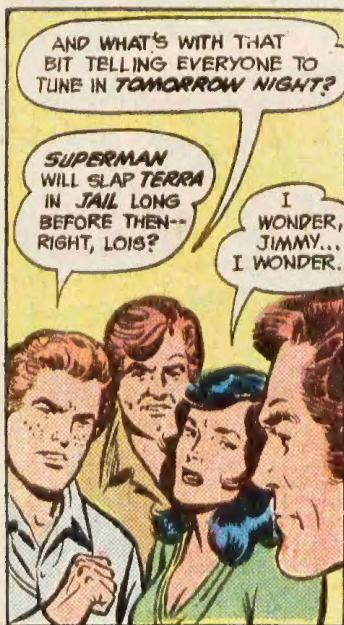
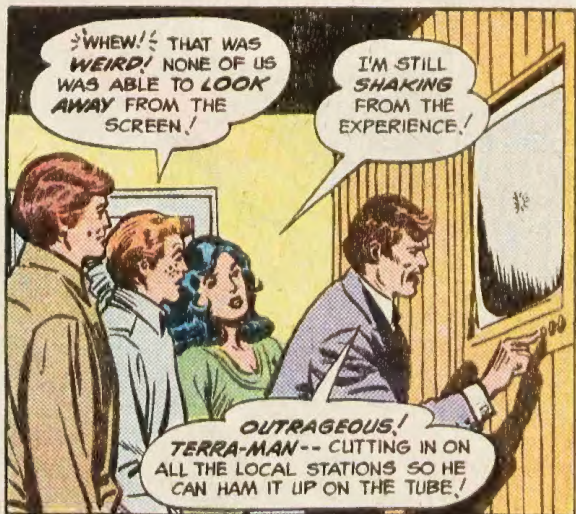
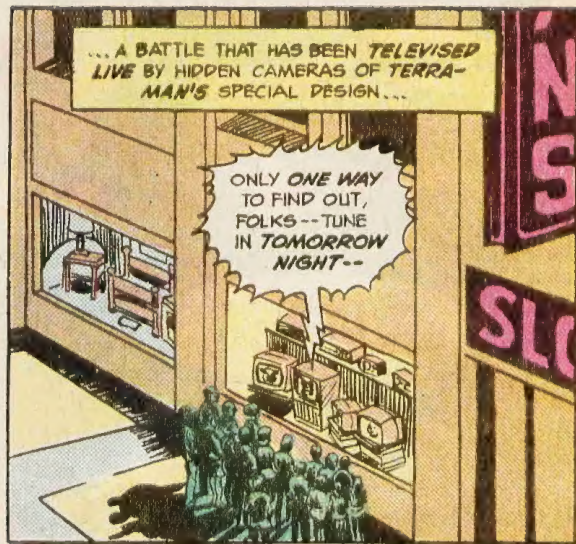
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S-SUPERMAN--!
THAT KINDA HEAT
WE DON'T NEED!

I HEARD IT--NOW I
BELIEVE IT! BULLETS
REALLY DO BOUNCE OFF
HIM!

**BANG
BANG
BANG**

SPEAKING
OF BOUNCES--

--HERE'S
ONE THAT
WILL DO YOU
NO GOOD!

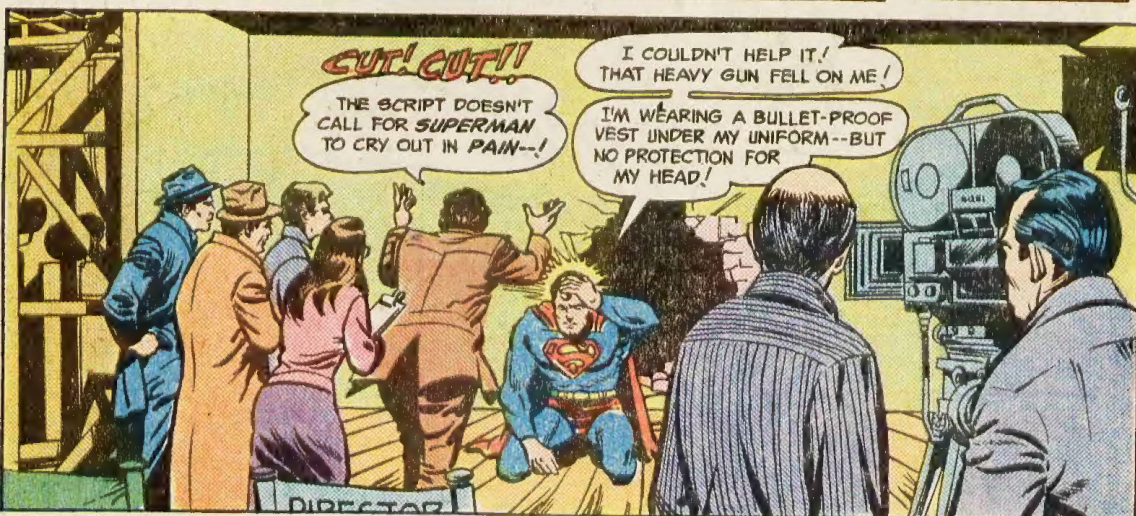


KLUNK KLANK



**THUNK
OWWW**

WHAT'S THIS?!
THE MIGHTY MAN
OF STEEL
HURT BY A
FALLING GUN??



CUT! CUT!!

THE SCRIPT DOESN'T
CALL FOR **SUPERMAN**
TO CRY OUT IN PAIN--!

I COULDN'T HELP IT!
THAT HEAVY GUN FELL ON ME!

I'M WEARING A BULLET-PROOF
VEST UNDER MY UNIFORM--BUT
NO PROTECTION FOR
MY HEAD!

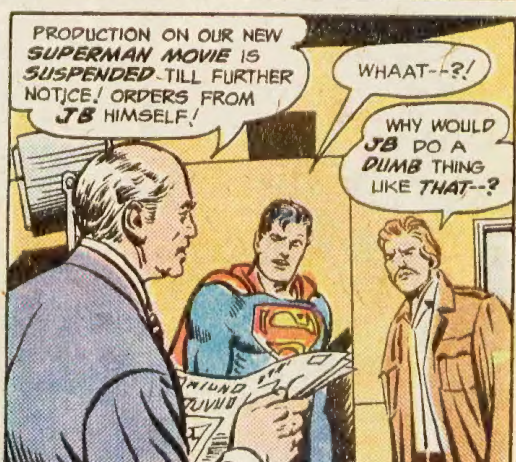
DIRECTOR



I'M GETTING A
HEADACHE!
I WON'T BE
ABLE TO
CONTINUE--

OKAY, GREG--
WE'LL SHOOT
AROUND YOU THE
REST OF THE DAY!

THERE'LL BE NO
MORE SHOOTING
AT ALL--!



PRODUCTION ON OUR NEW
SUPERMAN MOVIE IS
SUSPENDED-TILL FURTHER
NOTICE! ORDERS FROM
JB HIMSELF!

WHAAT--?!

WHY WOULD
JB DO A
DUMB THING
LIKE THAT--?

CONTINUED ON 58P PAGE FOLLOWING

AQUAMAN™ and Twinkies Cakes

"THAT DIRTY BEACH"

GRIME OF THE CENTURY CLOSES BEACHES. SHOCKING REPORTS OF UNDERSEA CREATURES ATTACKING SWIMMERS.

AQUAMAN I KNOW I CAN DEPEND UPON YOU TO REMOVE THIS STAIN FROM OUR BEACHES. WITHOUT YOUR HELP OUR BEACHES ARE SUNK!

SOMETHING SMELLS FISHY! I'LL INVESTIGATE—YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME.

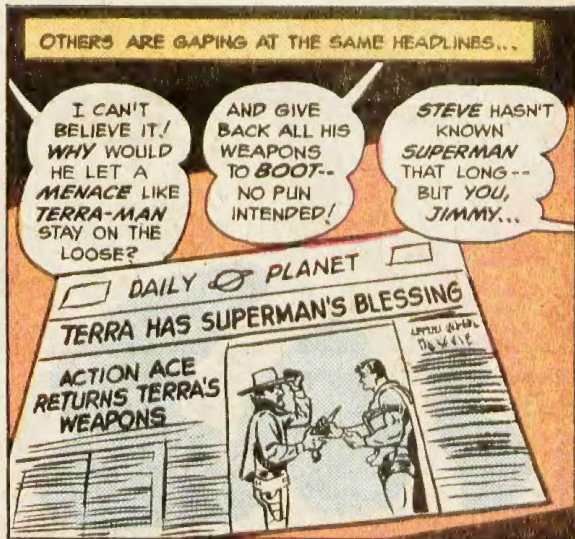
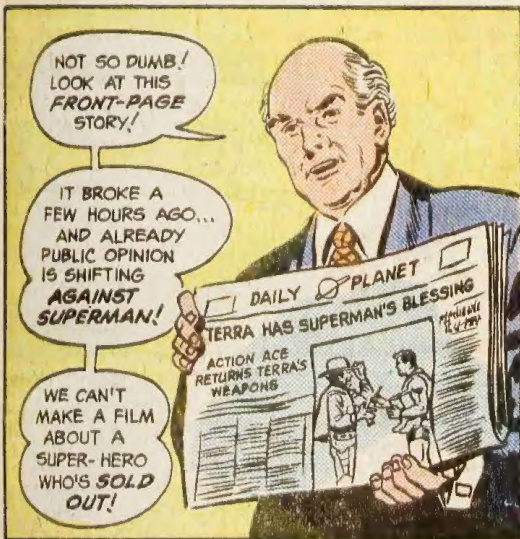
WITHOUT THE BEACHES, WHO'LL BUY SUNTAN LOTION?

NO BEACHES NOBODY BUYS BATHING SUITS.

YOU BETTER DO SOMETHING FAST!!

BEACH CLOSED INDEFINITELY



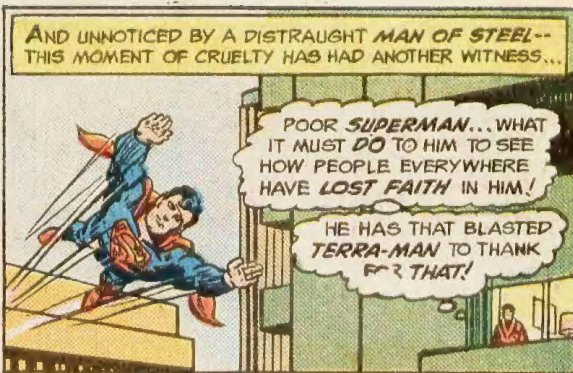




OOOH!

LOOK, MOMMY--
SUPERMAN!
I WANNA
TALK TO HIM!

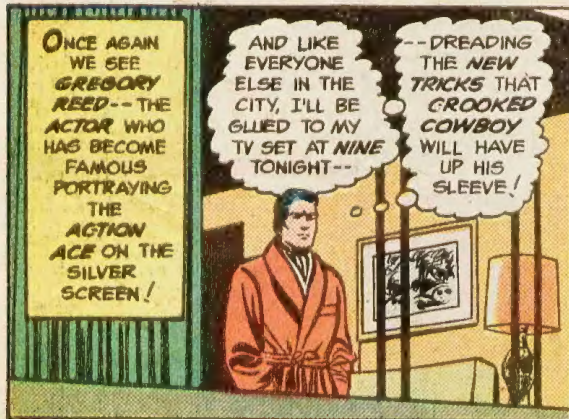
YOU'LL DO NO
SUCH THING!
ANYONE WHO
ASSOCIATES WITH
TERRA-MAN
SHOULDN'T BE
ALLOWED NEAR
CHILDREN!



AND UNNOTICED BY A DISTRAUGHT *MAN OF STEEL*--
THIS MOMENT OF CRUELTY HAS HAD ANOTHER WITNESS...

POOR *SUPERMAN*... WHAT
IT MUST *DO* TO HIM TO SEE
HOW PEOPLE EVERYWHERE
HAVE *LOST FAITH* IN HIM!

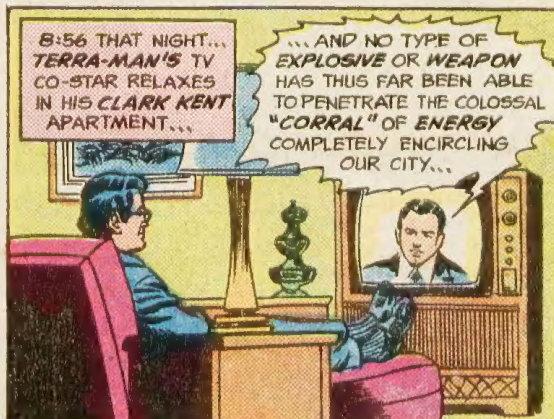
HE HAS THAT *BLASTED*
TERRA-MAN TO THANK
FOR THAT!



ONCE AGAIN
WE SEE
**GREGORY
REED**-- THE
ACTOR WHO
HAS BECOME
FAMOUS
PORTRAYING
THE
ACTION
ACE ON THE
SILVER
SCREEN!

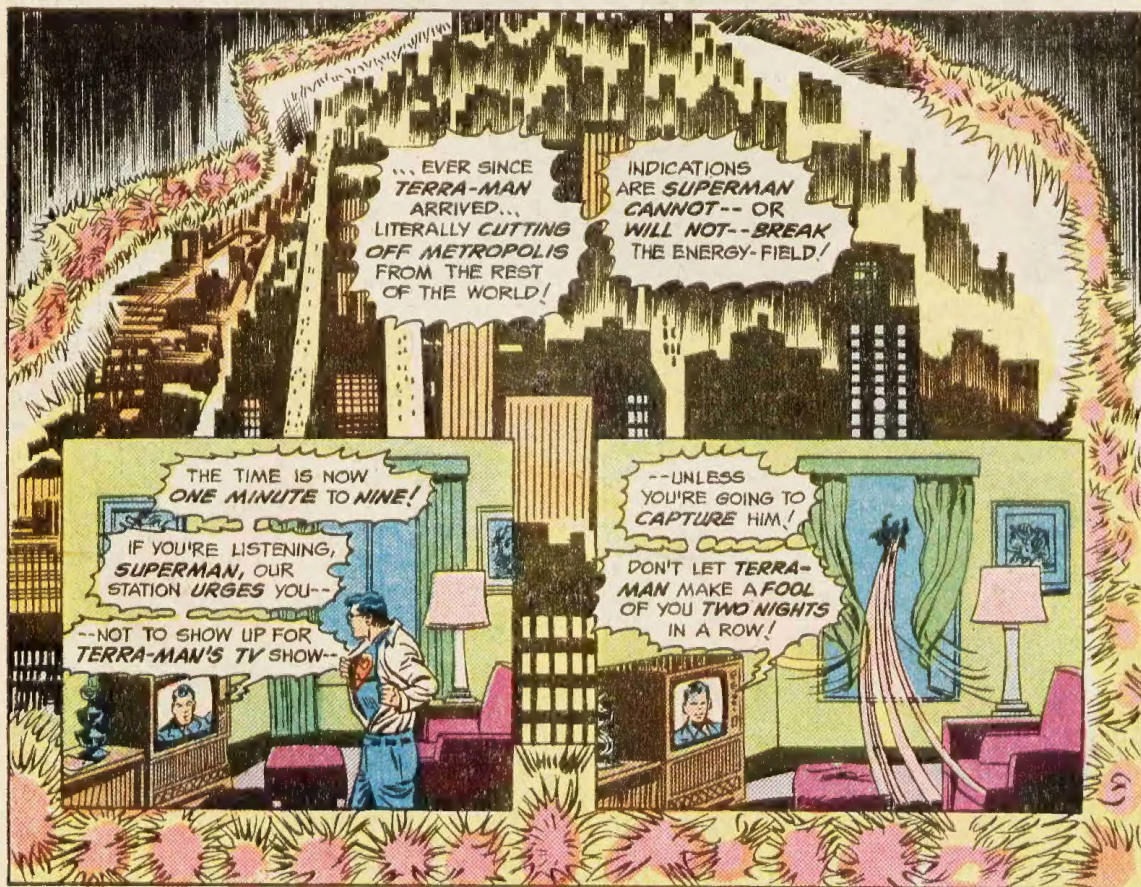
AND LIKE
EVERYONE
ELSE IN THE
CITY, I'LL BE
GLUED TO MY
TV SET AT **NINE**
TONIGHT--

-- DREADING
THE **NEW**
TRICKS THAT
CROOKED
COWBOY
WILL HAVE
UP HIS
SLEEVE!



8:56 THAT NIGHT...
TERRA-MAN'S TV
CO-STAR RELAXES
IN HIS **CLARK KENT**
APARTMENT...

... AND NO TYPE OF
EXPLOSIVE OR **WEAPON**
HAS THUS FAR BEEN ABLE
TO PENETRATE THE COLOSSAL
"**CORRAL**" OF ENERGY
COMPLETELY EN CIRCLING
OUR CITY...



... EVER SINCE
TERRA-MAN
ARRIVED...
LITERALLY **CUTTING**
OFF METROPOLIS
FROM THE REST
OF THE WORLD!

INDICATIONS
ARE **SUPERMAN**
CANNOT-- OR
WILL NOT-- BREAK
THE ENERGY-FIELD!

THE TIME IS NOW
ONE MINUTE TO NINE!

IF YOU'RE LISTENING,
SUPERMAN, OUR
STATION URGES YOU--

--NOT TO SHOW UP FOR
TERRA-MAN'S TV SHOW--

--UNLESS
YOU'RE GOING TO
CAPTURE HIM!

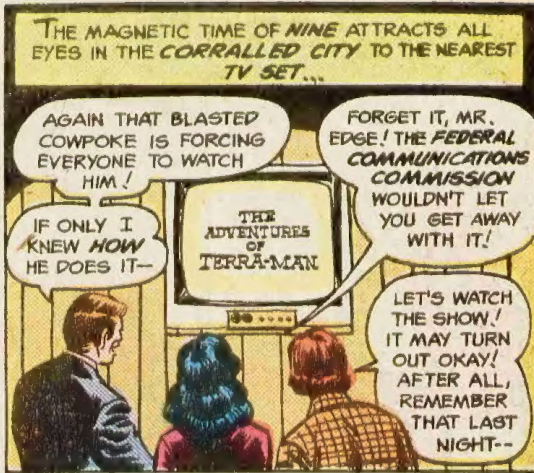
DON'T LET **TERRA-**
MAN MAKE A **FOOL**
OF YOU **TWO NIGHTS**
IN A ROW!



SHAVIN' IT
MIGHTY CLOSE,
-AIN'T YUH,
SUPER-DUPE?

MUH **HIDDEN**
CAMERAS ARE
PRIMED AN' **RARIN'**
TO GO!

--AND SO
AM I!



THE MAGNETIC TIME OF **NINE** ATTRACTS ALL
EYES IN THE **CORRALLED CITY** TO THE NEAREST
TV SET...

AGAIN THAT **BLASTED**
COWPOKE IS FORCING
EVERYONE TO WATCH
HIM!

IF ONLY I
KNEW **HOW**
HE DOES IT--

FORGET IT, MR.
EDGE! THE **FEDERAL**
COMMUNICATIONS
COMMISSION
WOULDN'T LET
YOU GET AWAY
WITH IT!

LET'S WATCH
THE SHOW!
IT MAY TURN
OUT OKAY!
AFTER ALL,
REMEMBER
THAT LAST
NIGHT--



--THE PROGRAM
ENDED WITH **TERRA-**
MAN HELPLESS--
AND **SUPERMAN**
CARTING HIM OFF
TO JAIL!

AND THEN THAT
NEWS PHOTO OF
TERRA GETTING
HIS GEAR BACK!
I'VE A HUNCH
THE **WORST** IS
YET TO COME!



HOWDY, FOLKS!
AS YOU REMEMBER
FROM **LAST NIGHT'S**
EPISODE--**THIS** IS
WHERE WE LEFT OFF!

NOW,
ON WITH
THE
SHOW--!



YEP, **SUPERMAN**,
LOOKS LIKE YUH REALLY
GOT ME **HOG-TIED** THIS
TIME, DON'T IT?

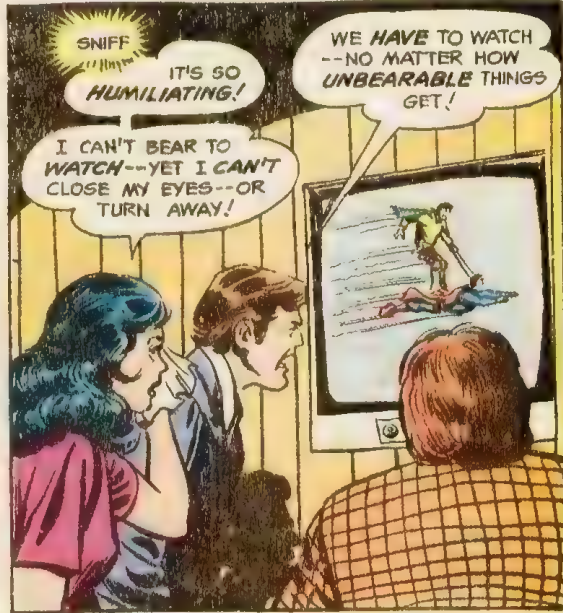
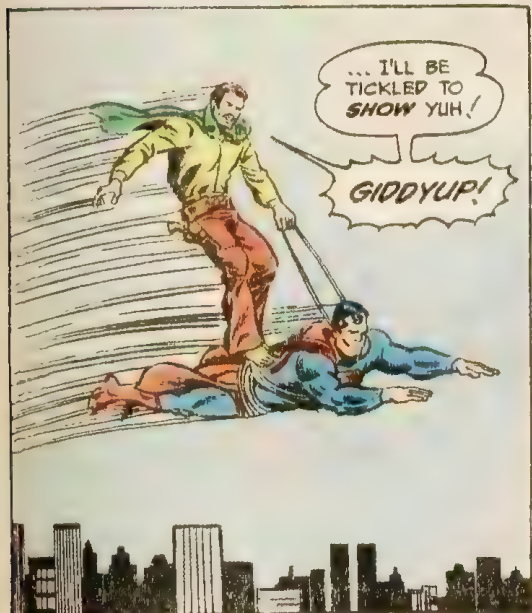
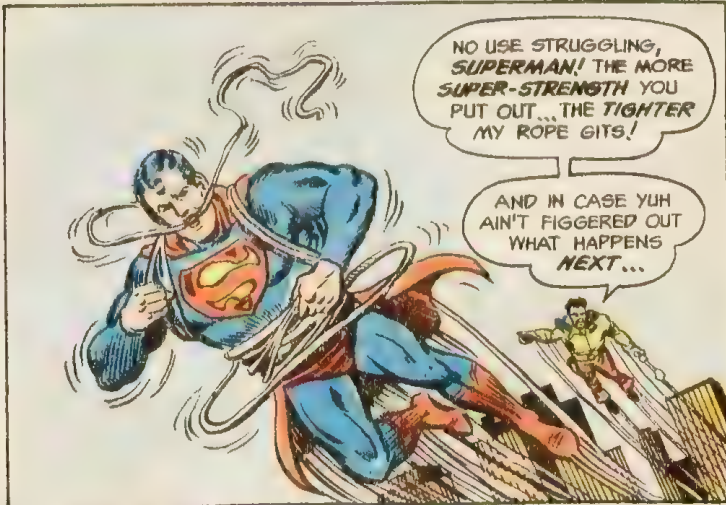
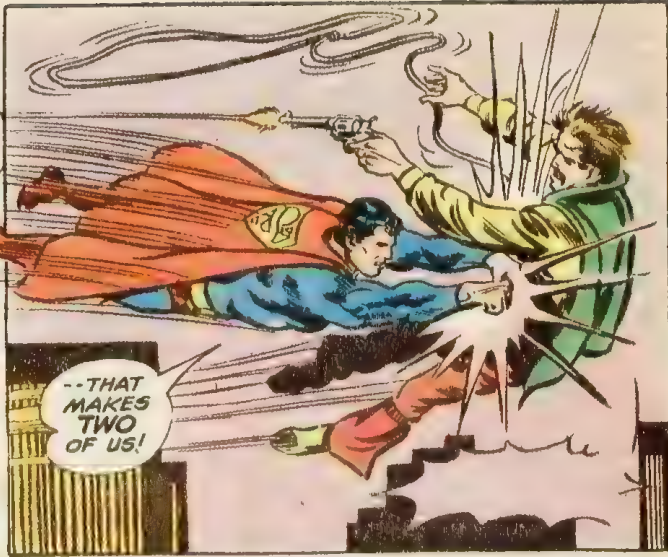
I WONDER
WHAT HE
HAS IN
MIND...?



HE **KNOWS** I DON'T DARE
CART HIM OFF TO JAIL!

YET HOW DOES
HE PLAN TO
ESCAPE?





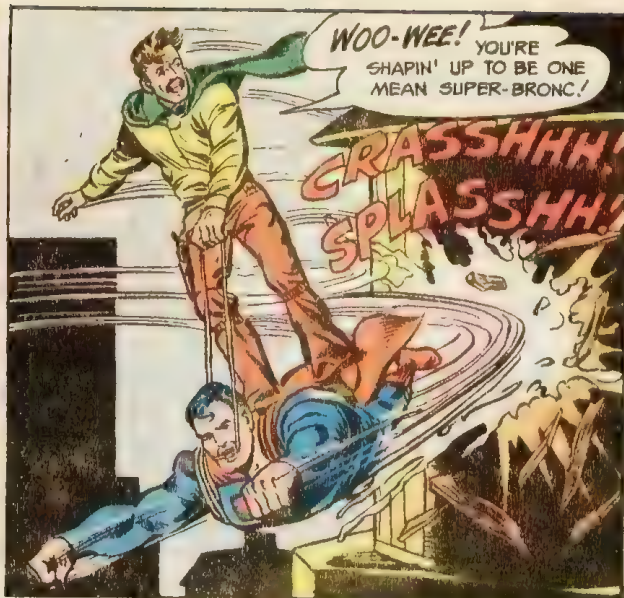
AND AMONG THE MILLIONS OF OTHERS FORCED TO VIEW THE DEGRADING SPECTACLE IS **ANOTHER MAN** WHO OFTEN DONS THE **BIG RED "S"**-- ACTOR **GREGORY REED**...



POOR
SUPERMAN!

I GUESS
EVERYONE'S
LOST FAITH IN
HIM... BUT NOT
ME! I KNOW HE
WOULDN'T PUT UP
WITH THIS UNLESS
HE HAD TO!

IF ONLY I COULD
HELP--!



WOO-WEE! YOU'RE
SHAPIN' UP TO BE ONE
MEAN SUPER-BRONC!

CRASSHHH!
SPLASSHH!



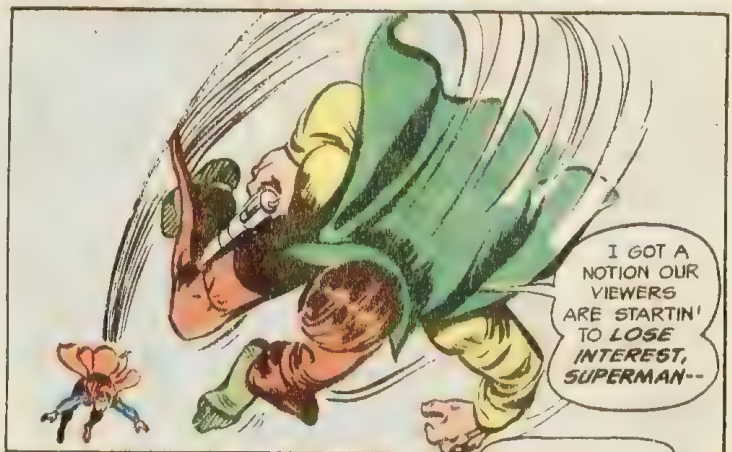
**RIDE 'IM,
COWBOY!**

YOU KNOW THE
OLD SAYIN'--
"THERE WAS
NEVER A **HOSS**
THAT COULDN'T
BE **RODE--**"

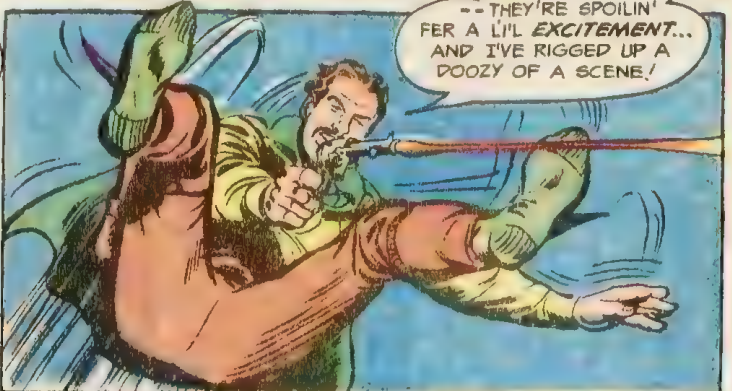
YES--THE
REST OF IT
GOES--



--AND
NEVER A
MAN THAT
COULDN'T BE
THROWN!



I GOT A
NOTION OUR
VIEWERS
ARE STARTIN'
TO **LOSE**
INTEREST,
SUPERMAN--



--THEY'RE SPOILIN'
FER A LIL' **EXCITEMENT...**
AND I'VE RIGGED UP A
DOOZY OF A **SCENE!**

CONCLUDED ON 5TH PAGE FOLLOWING

AND NOW...

WE INTERRUPT THIS COMIC TO BRING YOU A WORD FROM YOUR NEW PUBLISHER...

When you've got just one comic and a lot of time to kill, what is the only thing you can do?

Right. Read the comic again.

But supposing you've read it not just twice but three times, decided who wrote the jerkiest letter on the letters page and spent at least three minutes wondering if those X-ray Spex **really** work and if so why haven't you sent away for them already? What then?

Well, in desperation, you might turn again to the beginning and read the old familiar names in tiny type at the bottom of page one. Sol Harrison. Jack Adler—yep, it's the same old DC. But wait. Wasn't Sol Vice-President before? It says President now. And Jack's Vice-President. And Joe Orlando's not just an editor, he's **managing** editor. And Vince Colletta's art director, and Paul Levitz is some impressive-sounding thing called editorial coordinator. Even a dingbat of modest intelligence can tell some kind of change is going on.

A more astute dingbat may notice something else. One of the old familiar names is nowhere to be found. And there in its place is a new name, never before seen in comics. Jenette Kahn. All signs seem to indicate that an unknown person of presumably female persuasion has become publisher of DC.

The inevitable questions arise. Who is she anyway? Does she have the necessary qualifications to be publisher of the largest comic company in the world? Can she type?

Yes. I can. Ten words a minute using two fingers. I also started three magazines which—strange to say—you might well be hoarding right next to your most prized comics.

Those of you tottering on the brink of second childhood will remember KIDS which I began seven years ago. It was—dare I say it—one of those truly nifty ideas—a magazine written and illustrated by kids for each other.

Everybody loved it. It was an enormous critical success. It also lost money. I learned four hundred and twenty-seven creative mistakes never to foist on a business again. This encouraged me to start another magazine. I figured there were only so many errors one could make and I had used up a lot.

The new magazine was called DYNAMITE. DYNAMITE not only was one of those (dare I say it again?) truly nifty ideas. It was an enormous critical success and it just happened to make money hand over fist.

Meanwhile, Xerox had jealously watched the explosion of DYNAMITE. Since they'd built a business on copying, they were not adverse to reproducing DYNAMITE's success. We became partners in SMASH, my third magazine. And it was while I was happily ensconced in SMASH's secret headquarters in upper Manhattan that Warner Publishing's Morgan Edge asked me how I'd like to be DC's Perry White.

You're right. Dare I say it still one more time? It was one of those truly nifty ideas. I said yes.

And that is my history in brief. In issues to come, I'll be mixing other equally relevant personal details (tonsils removed: November 8, 1954) with the stuff that truly counts—what's happening here at Dynamic DC.

Until then, don't forget that you can tune in weekly on what we're putting out by calling our toll free Direct Currents Hot Line. It's 800-223-7760 no matter where you're calling from. Unless it's New York. In which case you should dial 800-442-8180.

Since it's December, I get to end my first public note by saying all kinds of nice things. To all of you out there—the happiest of holidays and the best of new years. Not just from me, but from the whole gang at DC.

Take Care—

Jenette

From Jack -

Please send me back to Adams for addresses and returning. I'd hate to hear Neal's rep by having a drawing like this published. Mary Anne J.



hair is now curly
—on the other hand,
it may be straight
next month — no, better
make it curly

— now looks like
a "before" picture
on a plastic surgeon's
wall

Smooth out
smile lines
why do they
look like wrinkles?
(Are they wrinkles?)

I know I have big teeth,
but this is ridiculous.

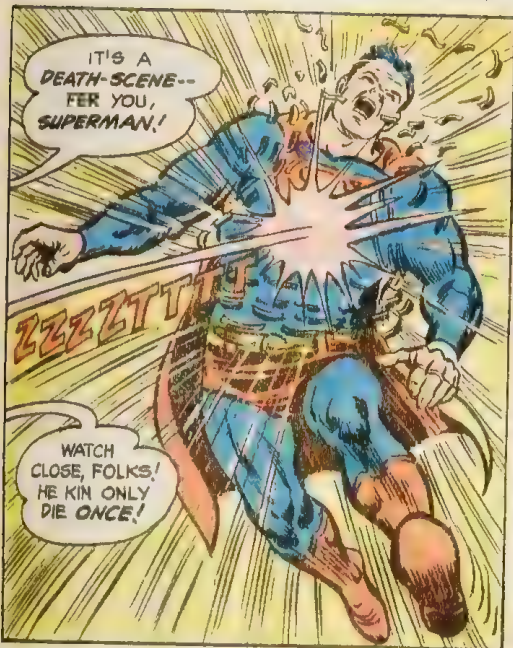
Why does this picture
look like Mary Tyler Moore?

FROM THE DESK OF
JACK ADLER

DEAR JENETTE -

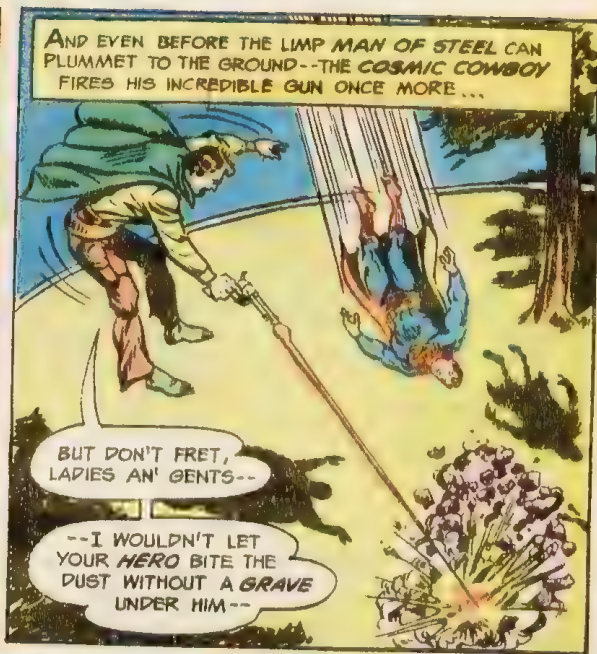
I WILL SEE TO IT THAT THIS DRAWING
OF YOU BY NEAL IS NEVER PRINTED. NEAL IS
AT THIS MOMENT MAKING THE CORRECTIONS YOU
INDICATED AND I WILL USE THE CORRECTED
ART AS SOON AS IT COMES BACK FROM HIS
STUDIO.

♥ Jack



IT'S A
DEATH-SCENE--
FER YOU,
SUPERMAN!

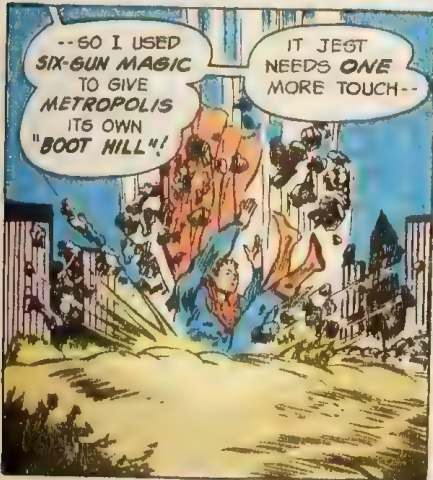
WATCH
CLOSE, FOLKS!
HE KIN ONLY
DIE **ONCE!**



AND EVEN BEFORE THE LIMP MAN OF STEEL CAN
PLUMMET TO THE GROUND--THE **COSMIC COWBOY**
FIRES HIS INCREDIBLE GUN ONCE MORE...

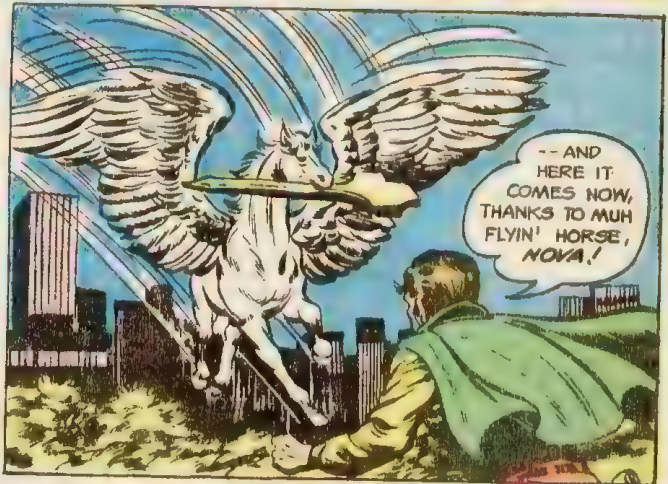
BUT DON'T FRET,
LADIES AN' GENTS--

--I WOULDN'T LET
YOUR **HERO** BITE THE
DUST WITHOUT A **GRAVE**
UNDER HIM--



--SO I USED
SIX-GUN MAGIC
TO GIVE
METROPOLIS
ITS OWN
"BOOT HILL"!

IT JEST
NEEDS **ONE**
MORE TOUCH--



--AND
HERE IT
COMES NOW,
THANKS TO MUH
FLYIN' HORSE,
NOVA!



I FIXED THIS
MARKER UP
AHEAD OF
TIME,
FRIENDS--

--'CAUSE
I **KNEW** HOW
THE SHOW WOULD
COME OUT!

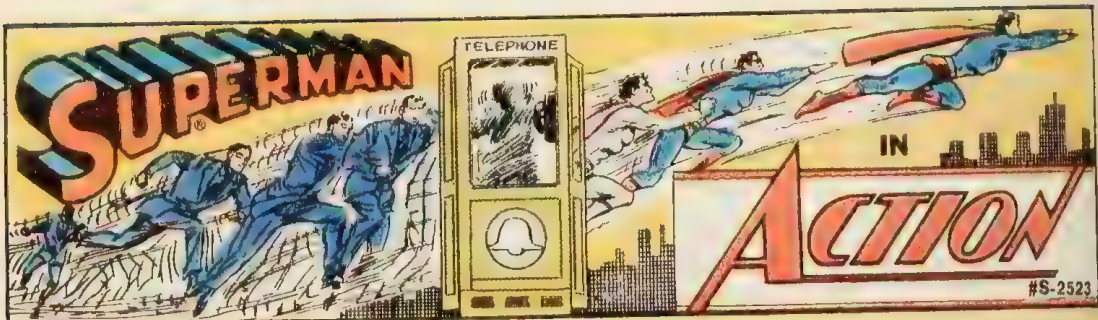
AFTER ALL,
I WROTE
THE **SCRIPT!**



AND SO ENDS ANOTHER EPISODE IN **THE ADVENTURES
OF TERRA-MAN!** AND IT MAY ALSO MARK THE
END OF SUPERMAN--AS YOU KNOW HIM! TO
FIND OUT EXACTLY WHAT WE MEAN--BE HERE NEXT
ISSUE FOR

"EVEN SUPERMAN MUST DIE SOMETIME!"

ON SALE DURING THE LAST WEEK IN JANUARY



Dear Editor:

After reading comics for ten years, you begin to expect certain events in a given story to proceed in an anticipated way. So when **Super (man) boy** ("Think Young and Die," **Action** #465) picked up that flame-enshrouded oil truck, and I realized why he couldn't extinguish the blaze with his super-breath, I expected him to douse the flaming vehicle in the nearest water-filled area. When he did so, I knew he was still his super-self in spite of his "age problem."

As the ongoing action showed, in the simplest terms, **Superboy** blundered and I would make a terrible superhero. With that realization, I immediately found a deep appreciation for Bates' latest classic. I made the same mistake as my favorite hero, and felt I knew what **Superboy** was in for when Luthor resumed his "experienced" attack.

Might I say that after ten years of devouring four-color adventures, this is one time the events didn't proceed as I expected. This veteran was honestly surprised and made to feel for his hero. And that, after a decade, is a refreshing change! Thanks!

Joe Peluso, 171 Linwood St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11208

(We get lots of letters telling us we were wrong on some point—but for a reader to admit he guessed wrong is a real rarity!—E.N.B.)

Dear Editor:

In **Action** #465, in the Steve Lombard story ("Paper Hero"), Chuck Guraldi's autobiography, on page 1, is titled "Winning is the Only Thing." But when we see the book on page 6, the title has mysteriously changed to "Paper Hero." Please explain.

Eric Weiss, 1363 Millwood Lane, N. Merrick, N.Y. 11566

(See? There's one now—telling us we goofed! But it could be that Chuck's title was "Paper Hero," while the publisher decided to change it to "Winning is the Only Thing."—E.N.B.)

Dear Editor:

What did "Think Young and Die" accomplish? Except for establishing Luthor as the villain and turning **Superman** into **Superboy**, the story was almost totally unnecessary. **Superman** could have used fingerprints to show **Batman** and **Flash** were the real things. The party at Morgan Edge's could also be forgotten, as Steve Lombard's joke was in bad taste. If you'd omitted these, you'd have had a story four or five pages long and been able to start on the Luthor-**Superboy** battle. Cary's idea was good, but it's too bad he decided to waste an issue.

While reading this story, I noticed **Flash** vibrating through **Superman's** body. Right away, something in my head said, "Whoops!" and sure enough, you goofed. As evidence, I present **Action** #437, page 14, panel 3. **Flash** has just tried to vibrate around **Superman's** fists, but it didn't work. **Superman's** invulnerable fists were too dense to vibrate through. So if a grown-up **Flash** can't do it, how can a teen-age **Scarlet Speedster** accomplish this feat? Let's see you wriggle out of this one.

The Sporting Life of Steve Lombard (great title) came as a complete surprise to me. First, I hadn't expected it, and second, the content astonished me. I expected another portrayal of Steve Lombard, all-American blowhard and first class jerk. What I got was a very emotional portrait of a man I thought I understood. Steve has always seemed to be somewhat cruel and suffering from an overblown ego. But thanks to Marty Pasko, I feel I now know Steve a lot better. He's not really the insensitive practical joker everyone sees, but a man with emotions like anybody else.

Particularly enjoyable was Steve's "conversation" on the last page. While reading that, I suddenly realized it could have been me saying those things. Now I realize how much "Slinger" there is in me and vice versa. This is a story I'll remember for a long time. Thanks, guys.

Mike White, 207 W. East, Mackinaw, Ill. 61765

(Actually, I could answer the vibration question in any of several ways. That wasn't **The Flash** who vibrated through **Supes**. And when **Flash** failed, he wasn't really trying to vibrate through **Supes** anyway, but to make **Supes** pass through him. Finally, at that time, **Supes** was under the power of a sorcerer named **Effron**. Take your pick.—E.N.B.)

Action Guys:

Everything in **Action** #465 was terrific! Art... coloring... plot... great! But I know Luthor didn't change the original heroes—he created new ones!

As for the back-up feature, "Paper Hero"... it, too, was great! Really touching! It was good to see **Superjock**/Big Bad Bully Steve Lombard's other side! The surprise at the end wasn't a surprise to me! I hope/know there will be more of **TSLOSL**!

John Chaneski, 617 Bloomfield St., Hoboken, N.J. 07030

(Congratulations on cleverly perceiving what most readers missed—that Luthor did not revert the real **Batman** and **Flash** to boyhood! Give yourself an A+ on this one! You scored points—exclamation points, that is!—E. Nelson Bridwell)

DC'S NEWEST SENSATION: BLACK LIGHTNING STRIKES! **IN HIS FIRST FANTASTIC ISSUE--COMING SOON!**

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF CLARK KENT

'TIS THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND ALL THROUGH THE GALAXY BUILDING, NOT A PERSON IS WORKING... BOSSMAN MORGAN EDGE IS HOSTING THE HOLIDAY OFFICE PARTY!

SOON, THE MERRYMAKERS WILL BE HEADING HOME TO SHARE THE HOLIDAY WITH THEIR FAMILIES--ALL OF THEM, THAT IS, EXCEPT THE **WGBS-TV** ANCHORMAN!

KENT--WHAT'S WITH THE LONG FACE?

THE WORLD'S NOT COMING TO AN END--ONLY THE YEAR!

IT'S CHRISTMAS BONUS TIME--SO PUT ON A HAPPY FACE! THAT'S AN ORDER!

Y-YES, SIR, MR. EDGE!

"CLARK KENT'S LONELY CHRISTMAS!"

A STOCKINGFUL OF HOLIDAY GREETINGS FROM
EDITOR: JULIUS SCHWARTZ
WRITER: BOB ROZAKIS
ARTISTS: JOHN CALNAN & TEX BLAISDELL

Season's Greetings

WGBS

5-2983

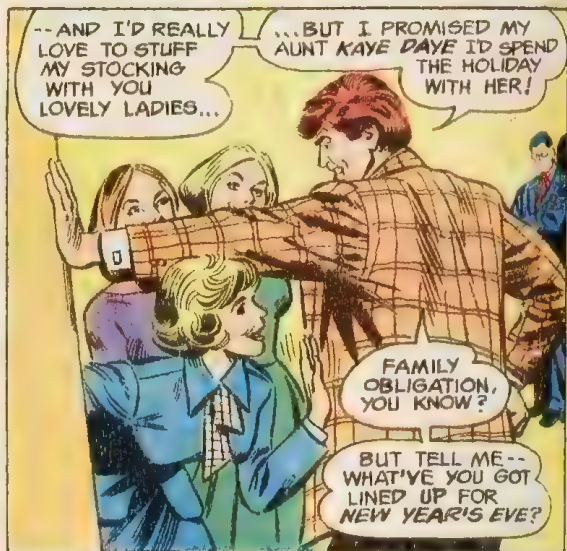
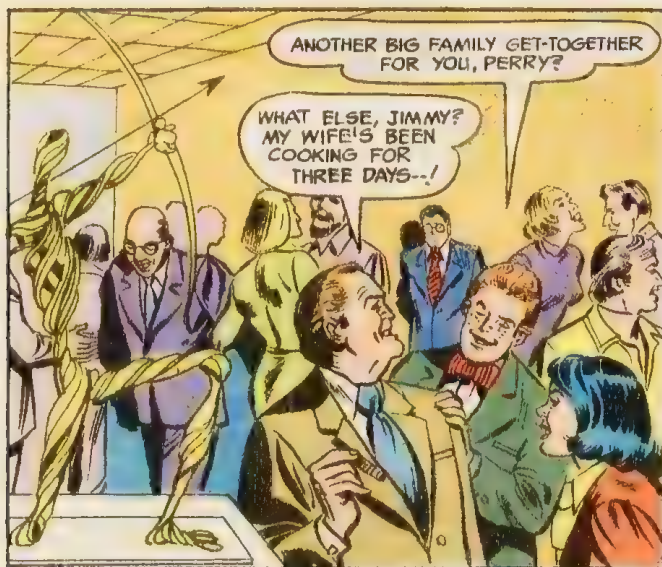
MERRY CHRISTMAS, WHITE-- THIS SHOULD KEEP YOU IN CIGARS FOR ANOTHER YEAR!

LOMBARD, WHAT'S WITH YOUR PAL, CLARK KENT? YOU PULL ANOTHER LAME-BRAINED TRICK ON HIM--?

YOUR PLAYMATE'S TERRIBLY GRUMPY, LOIS! WHAT'S BOTHERING HIM--?

I CAN'T IMAGINE! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GIVE HIM SOME CHRISTMAS CHEER ALL DAY!

WHO, ME?-- JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS? I WOULDN'T THINK OF IT!



IN HIS OTHER IDENTITY, CLARK KENT
WOULD BE WELCOME ANYWHERE AS
A HOLIDAY VISITOR...

GEE, MOMMY--
I WISH SUPERMAN
WOULD COME TO
OUR HOUSE FOR
CHRISTMAS!

I'M SURE HE'S
SPENDING IT
WITH HIS
FRIENDS,
JOHNNY!

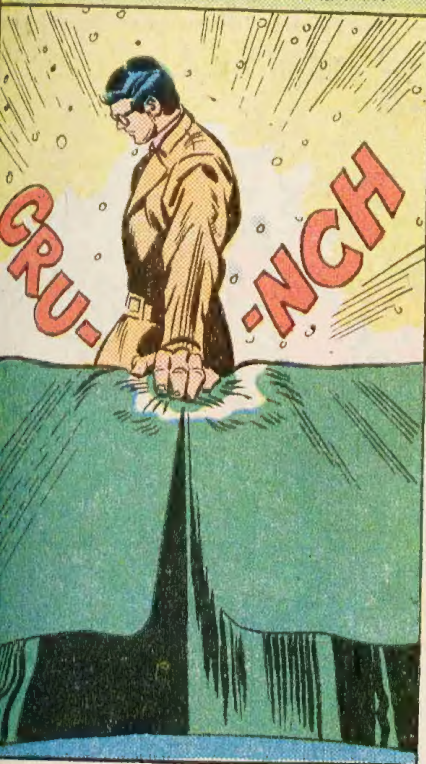
... BUT PASSERS-BY TAKE
NO MORE NOTICE OF THE
MILD-MANNERED TV-
NEWSMAN THAN OF A
SINGLE SNOWFLAKE...

BABY KAL-EL WAS AN ORPHAN
WHEN HE ROCKETED DOWN TO
EARTH...

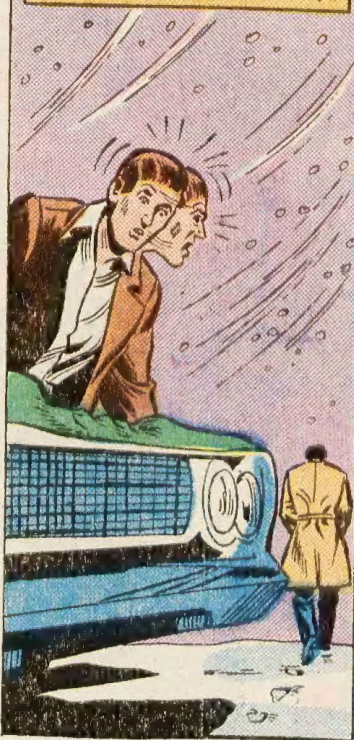
SKREEE!

THE KENTS
ADOPTED HIM,
NAMED HIM
CLARK AND
RAISED HIM AS
THEIR OWN...

BUT HIS SECOND FAMILY IS GONE NOW--



--AND ONCE AGAIN, CLARK
IS ALONE IN THE WORLD...



BUT THAT DOESN'T
STOP HIM FROM
LEAVING
METROPOLIS
FOR SMALLVILLE!
IT DOESN'T KEEP
HIM FROM
COMING...



... HOME!



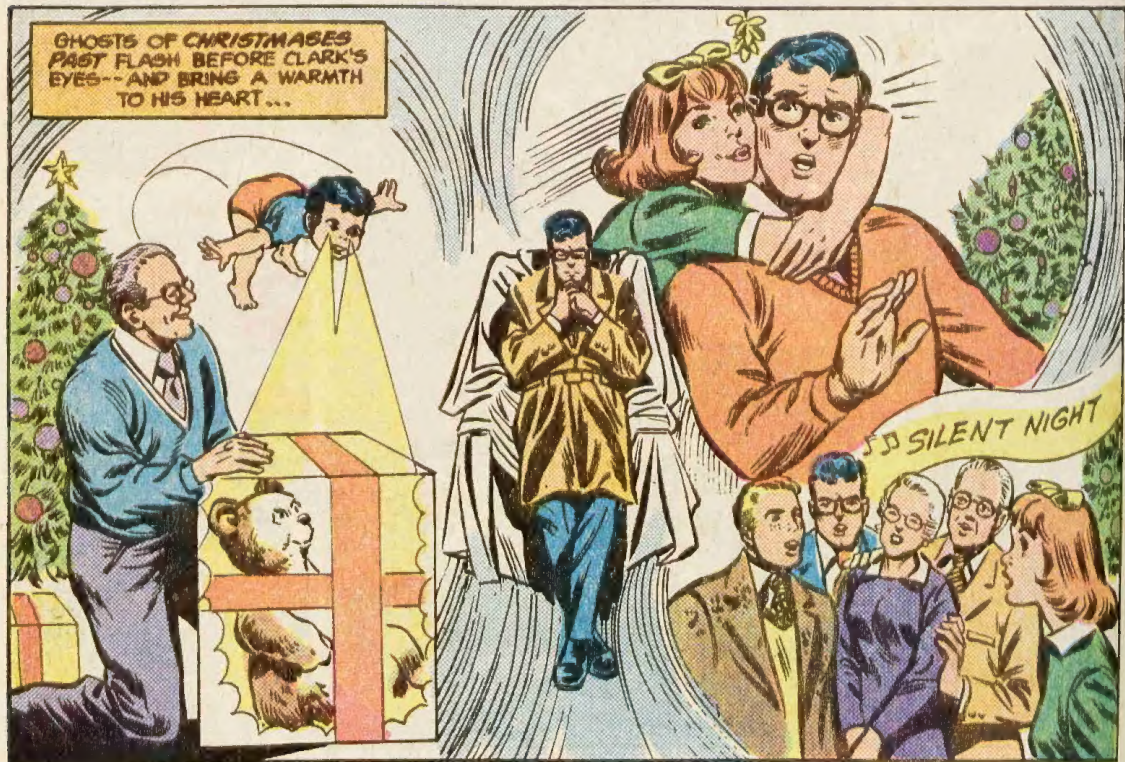
THE EMPTINESS OF THE HOUSE
IS OVERWHELMING...



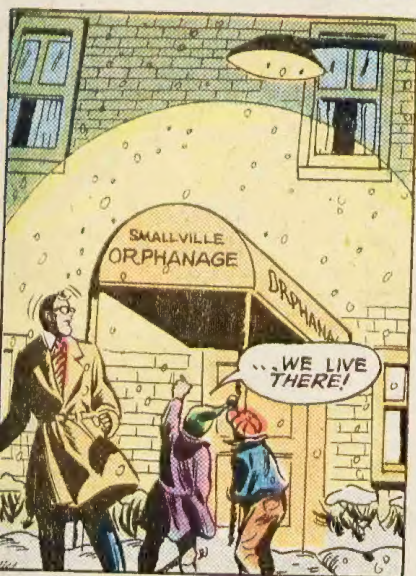
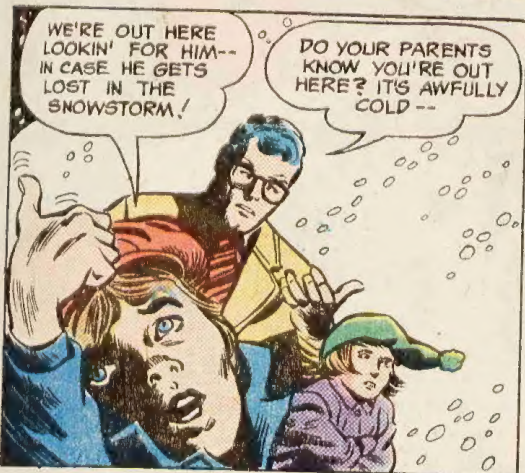
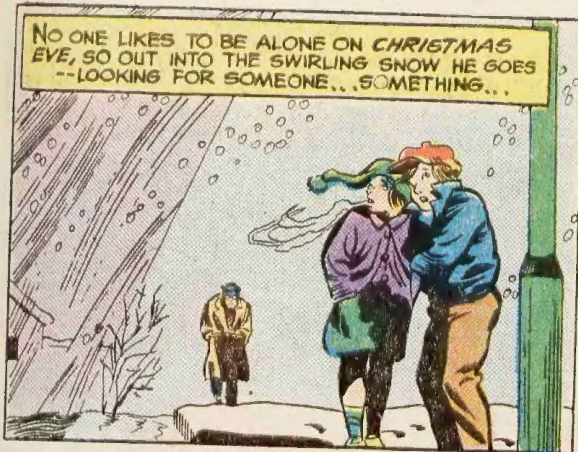
...AND YET THE
FLOOD OF
MEMORIES
SWIFTLY WASHES
THAT EMPTY
FEELING AWAY!



GHOSTS OF CHRISTMASSES
PAST FLASH BEFORE CLARK'S
EYES--AND BRING A WARMTH
TO HIS HEART...



CONTINUED ON 300 PAGE FOLLOWING



FROM A DUSTY CORNER OF HIS MEMORY FLASHES ANOTHER IMAGE, FOR THIS WAS CLARK KENT'S FIRST HOME ON EARTH!



BUT WISHES SOMETIMES CAN COME TRUE... IF THE RIGHT PEOPLE ARE LISTENING...

LISTEN, KIDS-- I'VE GOT A FEELING SANTA'S GOING TO BE HERE VERY SOON!

YOU BETTER GO INSIDE AND WAIT FOR HIM!





A SUPERMAN DOESN'T NEED A CHRISTMAS BONUS-- BUT IT MAKES SHOPPING EASIER FOR HIS ALTER EGO!



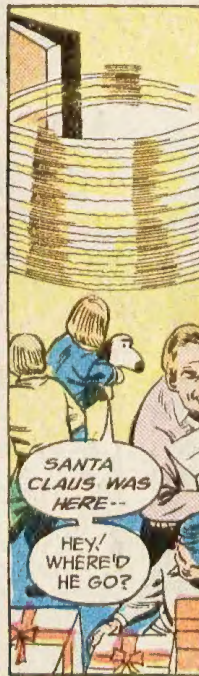
... AND SHORTLY...

OH!... WOW!

GOOD HEAVENS, MARTIN! WHERE DID ALL THESE GIFTS COME FROM?



GEE, MISTER-- YOU WERE RIGHT!



SANTA CLAUS WAS HERE--

HEY! WHERE'D HE GO?



TO OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES, I BETCHA!



SANTA CLAUS--AND HIS HELPER-- HAVE A VERY BUSY NIGHT AHEAD OF THEM!



AND NOW CLARK KENT IS NO LONGER ALONE... HE IS SURROUNDED BY A SEA OF HAPPY FACES!

A SUPER CHRISTMAS FROM ALL OF US TO ALL OF YOU!